CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
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vol. 20

no. 7

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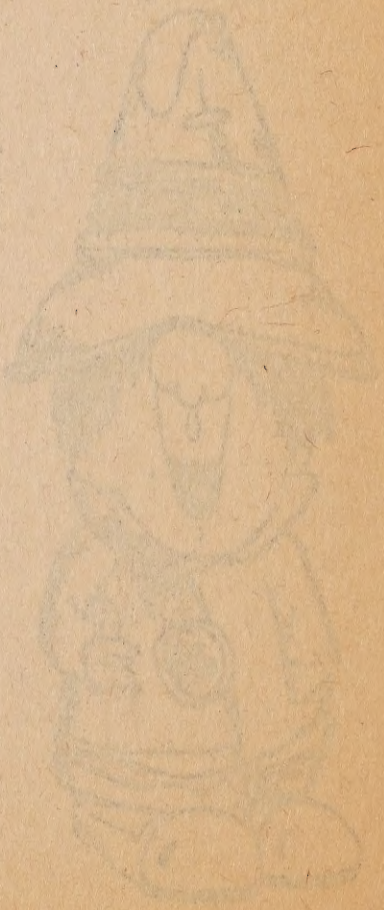


NO MORE CAGES: gives voice to women prisoner's whom, as they say, aer too ofter forgotten in our struggles against prisons. Each issue contains poetry, art, letters and thoughtful articles. Thier address is P.O. Box 90, Brooklyn, New York, 11215,U.S.A. Free to prisoners.

The new issue of "Crasy Horse Spirit" is out from it's new home in Seattle. As usual it is of excellent graphic quality and covers many Native struggles. Their address is 2524 16th St. Seattle, Washington, 98144, U.S.A. Send a small donation, if possible.

Almighty Voice, P.O. Box 69092, Station K, Vancouver, British Columbia should also come out again. This group works closely with the Brotherhood at Kent prison. Donations are needed as with every small group.

Cemetary Road News, Box 2000, Agassix, British Columbia, V0M IA0, has also published recently and includes a piece by Tommy Smith, one of Bulldoxer's most consistent supporters. Send a small donation or just a note to recieve this work.

Prison Journal is a new magazine from Matsqui prison in British Columbia. It is primarily a literary magazine but includes a good introduction to explaining why Canadian prisoners have chosen to express themselves through art rather than politics. No price is mentioned but send a dollar or two if possible. Editor, Prison Journal, Uneversity of Victoria Program at Matsqui, Bax 2500, Abbotsford, British Columbia, V2S 4P3. Financial contributions should be sent to Prison Journal Acct, Bank of Montreal, 33757 S. Fraser Way, Abbotsford British Columbia.

The newest issue of Bayou La Rose, a special issue on feminism has just been issued by one of the cofounding groups of the survival net word. Their address is P.O. Box 52282, New Orleans, Lousiana, 70152, U.S.A.

One of the survival network affiliates, Instead of a Magazine, published a special co-issue of the SN newsletter. This paper has a number of very good letters from prisons all over the U.S. They are at, P.O. Box 806, Willimantec, Connecticut 06226, U.S.A.

[illegible] of the Wind is also published by an affiliate that takes more of a spiritual perspective but has very good information on women prisoners. Their address is P.O. Box 712, Wabash, Indiana 46992, U.S.A. Ten dollars for six issues.

FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

Through the Looking Glass
women's and children's newsletter
Box 22061, Seattle, Washington
98122, U.S.A.

The WREE - VIEW
Women for Racial and Economic
Equality
130 East 16th Street, New York
New York, 10003, U S A.

Fortune News
published by the Fortune Society,
a none pufit organization of ex-
offenders. Fortune Society, Inmate
subscriptions, 229 Park Ave. South
New York, New York, 1003, U.S.A.

The Second Wave
A magazine of ongoing feminism
Box 344, Cambridge A
Cambridge, Massetuschets

Sister Lode
Southwest feminist newspaper
1824 Las Lomas Ne
Albequerque, New Mexico
87131, U.S.A.

Common lives/Lesbian lives
Box 1553, Iowa City, IA, 52244
(can be mailed in plain envelope
with return address 'Common lives')

Newsletter of the Lavender Left
Lesbian and Gay newsletter
P.O. Box 512 Village Station
New York, New York, 10014

Red Dragon newsletter
Northwest prison news from a Marxist
- Leninist perspective. Written by
prisoner's.
c/o LaSIS, P.O. Box 50112, New Orleans
Louisiana, 70151, U.S,A.

Seditious Libel
P.O. Box 6981, New York
New York, 10150, U.S.A.
requests submissions of poetry
from prisoner's or anyone else,
for inclusion in their next issue.
Their first issue is now available.

Maggie McKenna
322 S. Silver Lane
Sunderland, MA
01375, U.S.A.
an anthology in progress of
creative work of women in
Prison. Write the above.

Writing for Rights/Voices behind Prison Walls
Newsletter by sisters of Inner Connections
7 South 43rd Street, Philadelphia, PA
19104, U.S.A.

Feminary
a feminist journal for the south emphasizing
the lesbian vision
P.O. Box 954, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
27514, U.S.A.

Staying Together
newsletter for incarcerated
mothers
Aid to incacerated Mothers/
Staying Together
St. Paul's Cathederal
138 Tremont St., 4th Fl.
Boston, MA, 02111, U.S.A.

Southern Coalition Report
on Jails and Prisons
P.O. Box 12044
Nashville, Tennessee
37212, U.S.A.

Sinister Wisdom
Journal for lesbian
imagination in all women
P.O. Box 660, Amherst
Mass. 01004, U.S.A.

Monthly Cycle
Kansas women's newsletter
c/o Spinster's Books
P.O. Box 1306, Lawrence
Kansas, 66044, U.S.A.

Alliance for the Liberation
of Mental Patients Newsletter
1427 Walnut Street 4th Fl.
Philadelphia, PA
19102, U.S.A.
(free to current and ex-
psychiatric inmates.
everyone else pay what you
can.)

New Women's Times
Rochester, New York's
Feminist Newspaper
864 Meigs St., Rochester,
New York
14620, U.S.A.

Bayou La Rose
c/o Kamella Laqueta
P.O. Box 52282, New Orleans
Louisiana, 70152, U.S.A.

LOVE IS...

He must learn that he cannot be loved by all men. That is the ideal. In the world of men, it is not often found. He can be the finest plum in the world, ripe, juicy, sweet, succulent and offer himself to all. But he must remember that there will be men who do not like plums.

He must understand that if he is the world's finest plum and someone he loves does not like plums, he has the choice of becoming a banana. But he must be warned that if he chooses to become a banana, he will be a second rate banana. But he can always be the best plum.

He must realize that if he chooses to be a second rate banana he runs the risk of the loved one finding him second best and, wanting only the best, discarding him. He can spend his life trying to become the best banana - which is impossible, if he is a plum - or he can seek again to be the best plum.

He must endeavor to love all men even if he isn't loved by them. He doesn't love to be loved; he loves to love.

He must reject no man, for he realizes that he is a part of every man and to reject even one man is to reject himself.

He must understand that if he is rejected in one love, there are hundreds of others waiting for love. The idea that there is but one right love is deception. There are many right loves.

Love means to committ oneself without guaruntee, to give oneself completely in the hope that our love will produce love in the loved person. Love is an act of faith, and whoever is of little faith is also of little love.

Everybody has his own way and must be allowed the freedom to pursue it. There are a thousand paths to loving. Everyone will find his own way if he listens to himself. Don't let anyone impose their way upon you.

The perfect love would be one that gives all and expects nothing. It would, of course, be willing and delighted to take anything that was offered; the more the better. But it would ask for nothing. For if one expects nothing and asks nothing, he can never be disappointed or decieved. It is only when love demands that it brings on pain.

If you love truly, then you have no choice but to believe, trust, accept and hope that your love will be returned. But there can never be any assurance, never any guarantee. If one waits to love only until he is certain of recieving equal love in return, he may wait forever. Indeed, if he loves with any expectation at all, he will surely be disappointed eventually, for it's not likely that most people can meet all of his needs even if their love for him is great.

Love is trusting, accepting and believing, without guarantee. Love waits and is patient, but it's an active waiting, not a passive one. For, it is continually offering itself in a mutual revealing, a mutual sharing. Love is spontaneous and craves expression through joy, through beauty, through truth, even through tears. Loves lives the moment; it's neither lost in yesterday nor does it crave for tomorrow. Love is now.

Love cannot be captured or tied to a wall. Love only slips through the chains. If love wills to take another course, it goes; and all the prisons, guards, chains or obstructions in the world aren't strong enough to detain it for a second. If one human being ceases to will to grow in love with another, the other may play several parts to hold him. He may become a villian and threaten him; he may become generous and offer him gifts, he may become a schemer and make him feel guilty; he may become crafty and trick him into remaining, or he may change his own self to meet the other's needs. But, whatever he does, the other's love is gone and he will recieve, for all his energies, only an empty body, devoid of love - all but dead. So the price for his efforts will be to live out his life holding on desperately and giving his love to a lifeless, loveless frame. This, though it may seem revolting, is common practice, often performed for security, fame or fortune. The dynamics become even more grotesque when one considers that this dead ended relationship forfiets all possibilities of a lover's continued growth. Love is always open arms. With arms open, you allow love to come and go as it wills, freely, for it will do so anyway.

Change is the end result of all learning. Change involves three things: First, a dissatisfaction with self - a felt void or need; second, a decision to change - to fill the void or need, and third, a conscious dedication to the process of growth and change - the willful act of making the change; doing something.

So he is free to use his internal powers to make his own life. He can write his own dialogue, surround himself with the actors of his choice, paint his backdrop and arrange his background music. Then, if he doesn't like the play he has created for himself, he has only himself to blame. But even then he has a choice. He can get off the stage and produce a new play. A free man is free even in the darkest prison.

He must understand that change is inevitable, and that when it is directed in love and self realization, it is always good. He must be convinced that behaviour, to be learned, must be tried out, " To be is to do ".

All learning involves searching, finding, analyzing, evaluating, experiencing, accepting, rejecting, practice and reinforcement. It is often said that, " love is it's own reward ". If this means that be being a loving human being, one gets all the reinforcement he needs, it is only partially true. It means, also, that since society and man are often less than perfect, one is going to have, at times, to reinforce himself in order to continue to learn. The lover must often say " I love you because I must, because I will it. I love for myself, not for others. I love for the joy it gives me - and, incidently, only - for the joy it gives to others. " If they reinforce me, it will be good. If they do not, it will be good, for I will to love.

There is only the moment. The now. Only what you are experiencing at this second is real. This does not mean, live for the moment. It means you live 'the' moment. A very different thing. There's value in the past. After all, it brought you to where you are. There's value in the future, but it lies in the dream, for who can predict tomorrow? Only the moment has true value, for it's here. Love knows this - it doesn't look back, it experiences the past and takes the best from it. It doesn't look forward. It knows that tomorrow's dream remains waiting and may never come. Love is now! It is only in the 'now' that love is a reality. Love has meaning only as it is experienced in the 'now'. If one is meaning only as it is experienced in the now then if one is reaching, he is totally absorbed; if one is listening to music, he goes with the sound; if one is talking or listening to another, he is the other

If you feel something, let people know that you feel it. Don't you get tired of these stoic faces that don't show anything? If you feel like laughing, laugh. If you like what somebody says, go up and give them a hug. If it is right, it will be right. Spontanienty again, living again, knowing what it is like to tingle.

The Buddhists taught me a fantastic thing. They believe in the here and now. They say that the only reality is what is here, what is happening between you and I right now. If you live for tomorrow, which is only a dream, then all you are going to havein an unrealized dream. And the past is no longer real. It has value because it made you what you are now, but that is all the value it has. So don't live in the past. Live now. When you are eating, eat. When you are loving, love. When you are talking with someone, talk. When you are looking at a flower, look. Catch the beauty of the moment!

Each person will grow at his own rate, in his own manner, at his own time, by way of his unique self. Therefore, it's helpless to berate, judge or predict, demand or assume. Love must be patient. Love waits.

From: A Book of Zen
submitted by: Karen Thompson

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.....

I recieved in the mail the other day, a little list of things that is an intelligent basis for anyone doing time. I've had to change the gender as it was all 'he' this and 'his' that but the important core of the message is still the same. I've taken the liberty of adding a few things that I thought were important but that the male author had left out. I hope you enjoy and relate to what I call the " Con's Commandments ".

A CONVICT IS.....

A woman who does her own time and never meddles in the business of others or repeats idle gossip;
A woman who does not take unfair advantage of anyone else who is doing time;
A woman who DOES NOT STEAL from another prisoner, regardless of the circumstances;
A woman who does all she can to help her fellow prisoners without asking payment of any kind;
A woman who is not afraid to speak out when she thinks she or her fellow prisoners are being mistreated;
A woman who keeps her head in times of stress and tries to help those around her keep thiers and never counsels another prisoner towards trouble;
A woman who keeps her word and pays her debts;
A woman who does not snitch directly or indirectly by telling tales to others who might snitch, nor does she do anything to advance herself at the expense of another prisoner;
A woman who will go out of her way to help and protect the weak and inexperienced, for no other reason than the fact that she can remember that she once wore thier shoes;
A woman who thinks ALL people are EQUAL, who does not think she is higher nor lower than anyone else alive, neither is she swayed by the opinions of others;
A woman who does not whine and cry about the injustice of her case or the excessive amount of time she recieved, but instead goes about her business, trying to resolve the issues in a more important positive manner;
A woman who does not care what others think of her as long as she knows she is doing the right thing, for she has learned that it is impossible to please all;
A woman who is not afraid to be kind to others because some might interpret her kindness as weakness. She treats the next woman like she would like to be treated herself, knowing that what goes around comes around.

* The above qualities are the qualities of a 'convict'. The qualities of an 'inmate' are not listed because they speak for themselves.

Author Unknown
Reprinted from 'Mission Medium Newsletter'.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF ALCOHOLISM THROUGH NUTRITION

WE are in serious trouble with alcoholism. Thousands of inmates are languishing in our prisons for crimes committed while under the influence of alcohol; their own lives shattered, as well as the lives of their families, and the victims' families. So many broken dreams!

The time has come for our society to develop a new understanding of alcoholism. Unfortunately, the public and the medical profession still tend to regard alcoholism as a psychiatric problem instead of a physiological problem. They lack the knowledge, as now available, of successful prevention and cures through proper nutrition. It is, therefore, important that we acquaint ourselves with the information now available and obtainable.

Alcoholism is a baffling metabolic disorder and similar to sugar addiction. It is an anti-nutrient that robs the body of its store of B vitamins and minerals promoting a serious bio-chemical imbalance which causes the craving for alcohol. Alcoholism is a many sided malady often fatally attacking the liver in the form of cirrhosis. Since the liver is metabolism's most important and essential organ, being in charge of life sustaining bio-chemical functions, its destruction presents disease and ultimately death! Not only is the liver involved. Alcohol also destroys brain cells permenantly through its deep seated toxic effect and radically changes personality patterns. Extreme criminal behaviour is the typical result of this form of personality transformation. Furthermore, a dangerous toxic effect of alcoholism is a derangement of the appetite mechanism with its very location in the hypothalmus of the brain. As we all know, loss of appetitie leads to a vicious cycle, causing the body's internal environment to go off balance so that the normal brain function ceases. No where is the individual, internal environment more important than on the study of the appetite mechanism as related to alcoholism. The healthy state of the brain cells is crucial and absolutely essential for numerous regulatory mechanisms which promote moderation and balance. It is a known fact that in alcoholics the brain cells die off much, much faster than in non-alcoholics.

It is a widely held view that alcoholism is fundamentally a psychiatric problem. However, nobody can be psychologically sound unless the day by day status of the internal environment surrounding the brain cells is healthy and in balance. Bio-chemical improvement of the internal environment can, therefore, greatly reduce stress, tension and worry.

People differ enormously in their response to alcohol. Studies in nutrition have shown that every human being is a highly individual entity in terms of its biological make-up just as distinctive as its fingerprints! The result of this distinct nature of our body's bio-chemistry is, therefore, subject to differences in the way chemical processes are carried out. To ensure avoiding trouble with alcoholism, it is essential to take stock of oneself and to recognize the very distinct and unique make-up of one's own internal environment.

As we all know, life begins in the fertalized egg within the mother's womb. From this point on, the internal environment plays the key role in the state of the developing human being. This is the very point where distinct peculiartites and vulnerabilities begin to develop. It is through the blood system of a healthy mother that a mechanism operates by providing the growing fetus with every nutrient it requires. In order to provide this internal environment, the mother must consume the right amount of nutrients. Once the child is born it continues to rely on it's mothers milk which again - as far as quality is concerned - depends on the mother's well or poorly balanced diet. The crucial time is the point when the breast feeding stops and when the infant begins to eat less discriminately. Poor nutrition will have an immediate adverse effect on the infant's internal environment. This is particualrly true when SUGAR, WHITE FLOUR PRODUCTS, and WHITE RICE become substantial parts of the infant's diet. The less consumed of JUNK FOODS, the less chance there is for alcoholism or heavy drinking habits in later life. It is quite obvious that a growing child recieving poor nourishment becomes far more susceptible to alcoholism and would, therefore, need to be doubly careful in later life.

Our internal environment - like our external environment - is often far from perfect. Oxygen and water are fundamental in the proper functioning of the body. The body also requires about 40 important minerals, amino acids, and vitamins which serve as 'building blocks' for the incredibly complex 'chemical machinery' of the body to keep it running efficiently. Careless eating habits will automatically lead to a disturbed chemical balance on the internal environment. The secret is to determine the very special nutrient needs of an individual human being. This is ancient wisdom. The Roman, Lucretius, over 2,000 years ago realized clearly that individual needs are by no means all the same. He said, " What is one man's meat may be another man's poison."

Sound nutrition means eating responsibly from an early age by choosing a diet of high quality food and not necessarily expensive food! High quality nutrients are found in natural grains,(cereals), beans, fish, poultry, fresh fruits and vegetables and herbal teas. It is important to diversify daily menu's to ensure a better assortment of the hidden chemicals the body requires. When selecting these high quality foods, one should avoid low and even detrimental quality items. Excess sugar, for example, is one of the chief enemies of good nutrition. White flour and white rice provide only 1/3 to 1/2 of the valuable nutrients as found in natural and unrefined grains. Foriegn chemicals found in almost all processed food considerably impair the internal environment. We all know that to satisfy the energy requirements of the body is a strong biological urge. However, by eating food which merely supplies energy and does not furnish the vital hidden chemicals needed to create a healthy, and balanced environment, problems arise. One os these problems is alcoholism. Adequate

daily exercise improves the circulation and helps nutrients to reach all parts of the body, including the brain.

Studies by Prof. William Shive have indicated that a GLUTAMINE deficiency is definately connected with problems regarding alcoholism and the brain metabolism in particular. GLUTAMINE is an important amino acid found in liver, cabbage and other natural food products. It is the only amino acid which readily passes the blood - brain barrier, a barrier which tends to stop most other amino acids from passing immediately into the brain. A well balanced and nutritious diet with supplements of GLUTAMINE, VITAMINS and MINERALS and a minimum of carbohydrates removes the compulsion to drink and restores good health.

A new breed of enlightened psychiatrists, members of the Academy of Orthomolecular Psychiatry, founded in London in 1971, are very receptive to the consideration of nutritional factors in alcoholism and mental diseases. Dr. Nathan Brody of Laconia, New Hampshire, reported on the extremely successful treatments of thousands of alcoholics while relying principally on a regimen of high megavitamin doses and a well balanced nutritious diet. There is great hope that more and more of their colleagues will follow in their footsteps.

It has to be pointed out that the INITIAL STEP to be taken has to come from the addicted person, i.e.: the aknowledgement of being an alcoholic and the willingness to abstain. AA - with its philosophy and methods is a valuable and very positive support system for many afflicted alcoholics. AA members are encouraged to abstain and as a result, start to eat. Even though these people may be eating low quality food, their internal environment starts to recuperate. However, to achieve true rehabilitation it is not enough to abstain and eat poor quality food. To correct the nutritional imbalance caused by the ravages of alcoholism, the victim must combine abstention with the orthomolecular and nutritional approach in order to wage a successful war against this nutritional imbalance and devastating disease. Many members of AA state with conviction that specific nutrients are effective in curbing their craving for alcohol, thus recovering their physiological equilibrium which, in turn, results in a positive functioning of their psychological frame of mind. Their voices cannot be loud enough!

Reluctance in accepting these new ideas, has hindered the progress toward the cure and prevention of alcoholism. It is robbing those devastated human beings of the opportunity to reshape their lives and become productive citizens in their communities. What do we have to lose in giving this new approach a chance? We can only gain by saving many lives and millions of dollars spent in perpetuating the penal system.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: WHY NATUR-ALY?

The ideology behind Natur-aly is self contained, nature is our ally. Only when we learn to co-exist harmoniously with nature will we be able to significantly reduce incidence of disease, be it physical, mental or behavioural.

The need to address the root cause of criminal behaviour is the responsibility of every citizen, especially the offender, parents, judges, prison authorities, parole officers, social workers, politicians and the leaders of our government who make the policies that direct our lives. Criminal behaviour is particularly serious among our young people - the citizens of the future. There seems no end in sight when one considers the statistics. We only need to pick up one of our daily newspapers to read about the many crimes committed by adolescents. Our prisons are bursting at the seams and the high costs to operate these facilities is an additional burden on the federal and provincial budgets.

Economic hard times and the breakdown of the family unit are no doubt partially to blame. This is just the tip of the ice-burg! In the last decade important research in the field of nutrition has pointed to the fact that there is a direct relationship between criminal behaviour and a diet of junk food, alcohol and drugs. The time has come to take a serious look at what can be achieved in the area of crime prevention by effectively changing the offender's anti-social behaviour through a natural, holistic, nutritional therapy program.

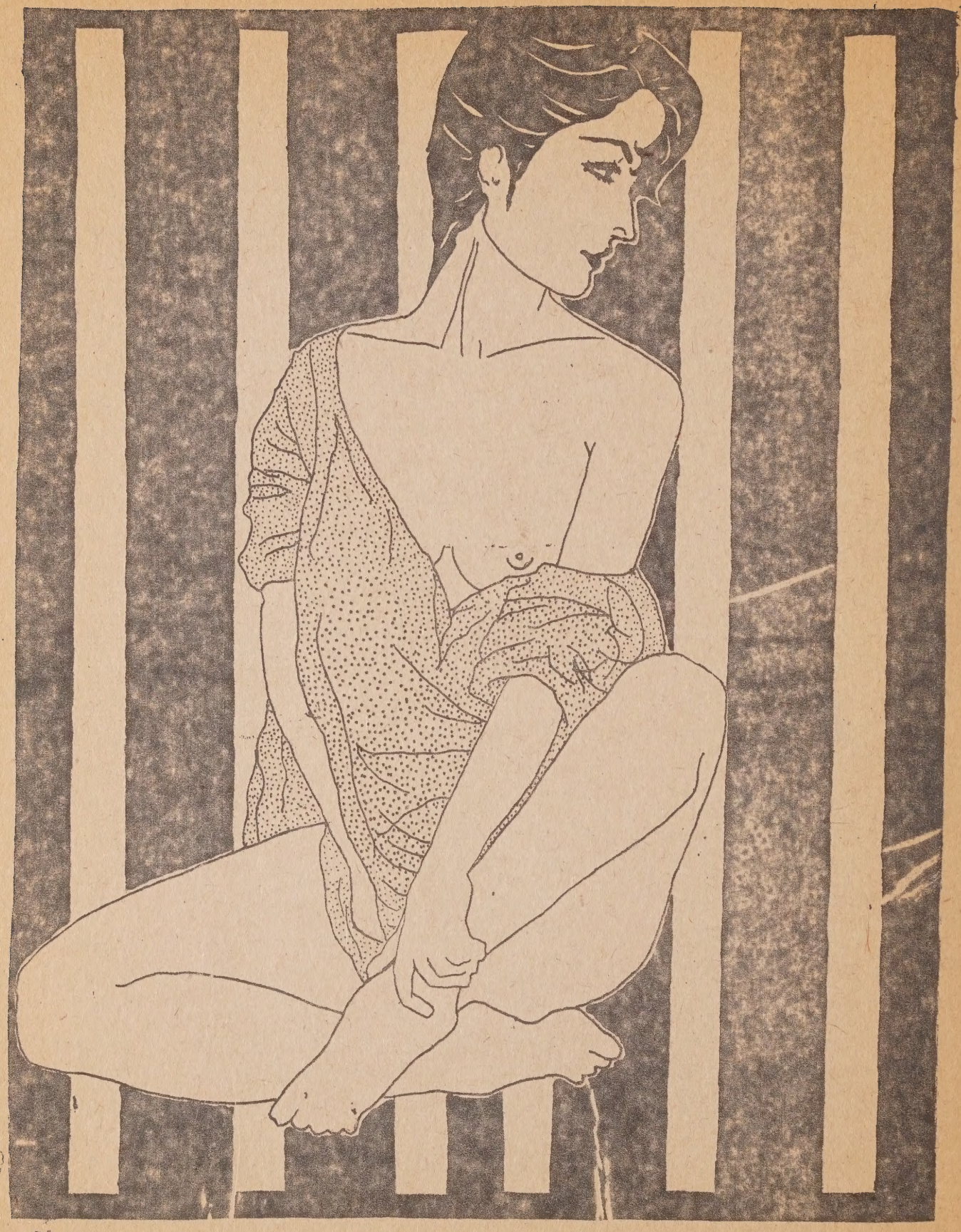
Natur-aly hopes to encourage responsible people to look at an age old problem in a new and revolutionary way by presenting proven evidence that a natural approach to diet can effectively alter criminal behaviour. Charlotte Timmins, a counsellor with the Kitchener Bail program, finds that alcohol abuse is at the root of many of her young clients' problems. Alcoholics are in urgent need of help! Because alcohol is one of the chief villians that has caused so many inmates to commit crimes under the influence, the first issue of Natur-aly will focus on the possibilities available to prevent and cure alcoholism through a natural and well balanced diet and orth molecular therapy. The hopes, dreams, and aspirations of our society are in jeopardy. It is a matter of extreme urgency that our institutions come to grips with crime through the holistic approach. Nothing else has worked so far.

KNOWING IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH - IGNORING KNOWLEDGE IS SICKNESS.

Tao Te Ching of Lao-Tzu

NEXT ISSUE: Basic nutritional diet tips and a list of important vitamins and minerals.

Written by: Sygun Leibhardt, Karen Franklin, Jeanette Chartrand



POETRY

A GIFT OF LOVE

Mine eyes no longer shed tears
For the tide has been long at timeless rest
Mine lips tasted not your sweetness
But my scarred heart accepted your quest....

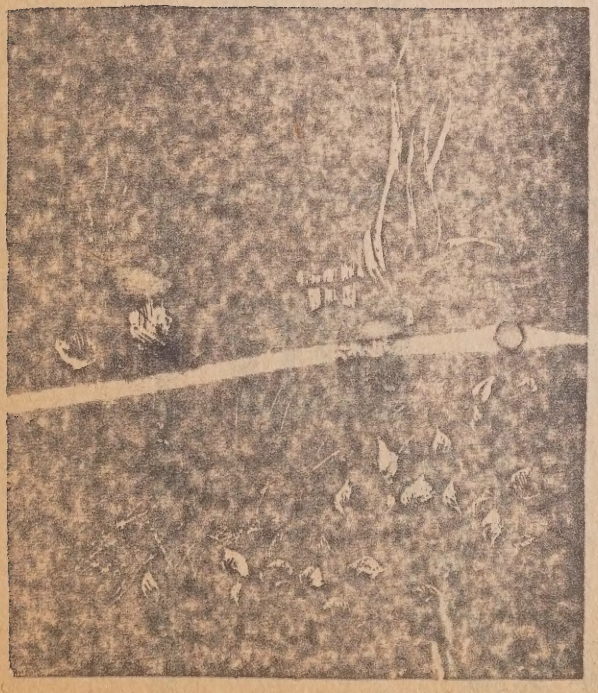
Need we seek further than glance of eye
To squelch this manmade hell,
Nay, for I have risen above their naught walls
For only to my woman, secrets of my soul dwell....

Beautifier of my life, you came in dauntless stride
Fed only in truth your fire of hunger ceased to burn,
For I, took thee from darkness timid woman child
And drank we as one, lonliness shan't return....

When you have come and gone, I hide yet visions
For the sweet fragrance of you fills my lungs,
And the husk of a single solitary moment lingers
Thoughts abscond, into your soul with love I plunge....

I held a tear that floats as large as the ocean
Thus from your eyes I drank the mist of time,
Hence, came the moment in which we were born
Stripped of your quilted robe, I claimed you mine....
Yes....
In wakefulness,
In sleep,
Such tranquillity....
Loving you.

- William Ray Plemons



BETWEEN THE WALLS

Brick upon mortar
Cement oozing out
Stone hearts
Steel and tears
Housing lost souls

Lost in pain
Hurt too gone by
Screaming out
On dark silent
Nights

Dreams?
Love
Freedom

A sunny day
Warmed by a
Light bulb
where nothing
Will grow
Lie cinders

In which
Shine the
Broken
Pieces of a
Green bottle.

C. Millward
02 - 12 - 84

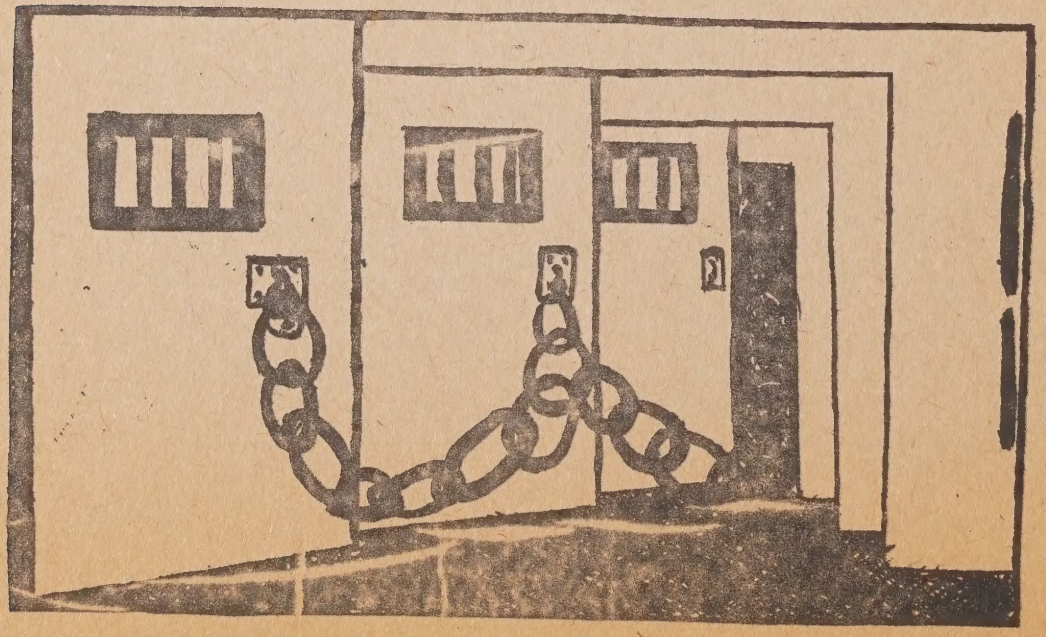
IMAGINE

Imagine if you will
We are standing by the water
On the end of a fifty foot dock
Which is on fire
There is a boat for one person
And neither of us can swim
One choice is obvious
I will take the boat
And you are on your own

Now perhaps that is the way
Some would treat you
But for me it's different
You would have the boat
While I took my chances
If I could see the danger

Now place it in realistic terms
And I am sure you will see
One situation as it exists
Our lives must part
A new understanding reached
With me and I know for a fact
Your boat would sink
It's really quite simple
Because of the way I am
We could never possibly function
As anything but close friends.

- Paul Pretty



"Love Thaw"

He like a
gentle spring breeze
tenderly touched
my cold, lonely
lifescape,
spreading a blanket
of warmth,
over my
winter heart;
this soft, temperate
thaw gives
life to the roots
of love,
oh the joy of
growth;
the ecstasy of
bloom.
The very essence
of this crowning
flower,
spurs the seeds
of life
into creation,
giving yet another
life a chance,
two souls dancing
on the winds
of time,
natures melody!
A star is born.
Shine on!
Shine on!

****

Written by;
Andy Weaver.

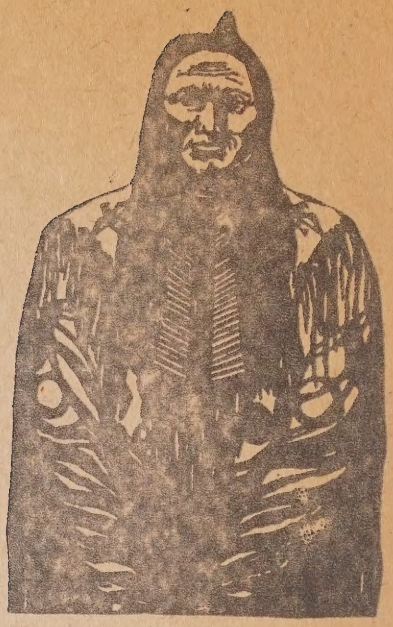
"Want"

Soul fire
dancing amidst
silver moonbeams.
In time and
tune,
to minstrels of
the flight.
Longing for an
arrival,
caravan of
delight.
I wander
in envy,
one of the
nocturnal shadows
created by your
light.
Confused by
flickerings,
unable to grasp,
that seemingly
out of
reach.
Yet everlastingly
I attend the
screening,
in a dreamlike
state,
mere imagery
created by
my own
wanderlusting sight!

*****

written by;
Andy Weaver.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE OF THIS LAND



I feel that I should tell you
About the people of this land
I ask you please to listen
Understand it if you can

Our life blood is the river
Our flesh and bone the sod
We are the people of this earth
Placed here by our God

You came here with your gilded bible
Your God you said to trust
We learned your hymns of praise
While his image turned to rust

You bought us books and learning
You said we needed schools
We learned to read and cypher
Now we're educated fools

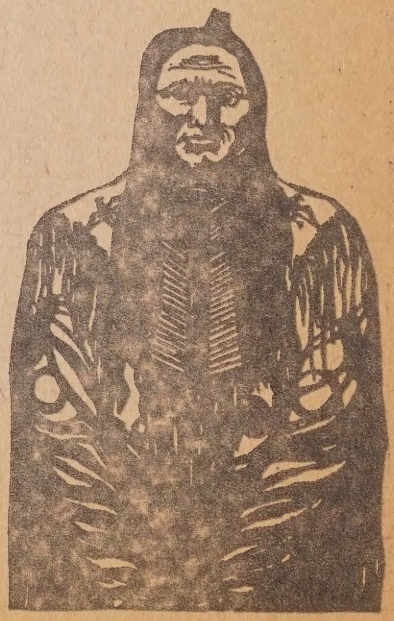
You brought us beef and bacon
You drove the deer away
Today we cash our welfare cheques
And hunt at Hudson's Bay

You crawled from out your caves
Ten thousand years or more
We were cultivating corn
Twenty thousand years before

You damned up all our rivers
Run it's power in little wires
We told you earth had power
You thought that we were liars

We shared this entire land
A truly democratic place
You fenced it back and forth
And called it real estate

We said this earth was our mother
Our mother could not be sold
But each of you a Judas
With 30 pieces of gold



You killed and buried Jesus
He arose and left this place
I guess I can't really blame him
When I think of this human race

We used to have our spirits
They were always here before
But now we buy our spirits
At the local liquor store

You burned our shaking tent
Put a phone upon our wall
And charge outrageous prices
For a long distance call

We knew about the universe
The animals, earth and trees
While you were telling people
That the moon was made of cheese

We had our herbs and medicines
We cured with drum and song
You lock us up in hospitals
And try to guess what's wrong

You said it was the devil
He never did such good
When you crucified your God
I guess you never understood

You took away our tipi's
Outlawed our right to roam
You built all all new houses
But you took away our homes

You shared with us your blankets
They were filled with your disease
Annihilating our people
The way you're cutting down our trees

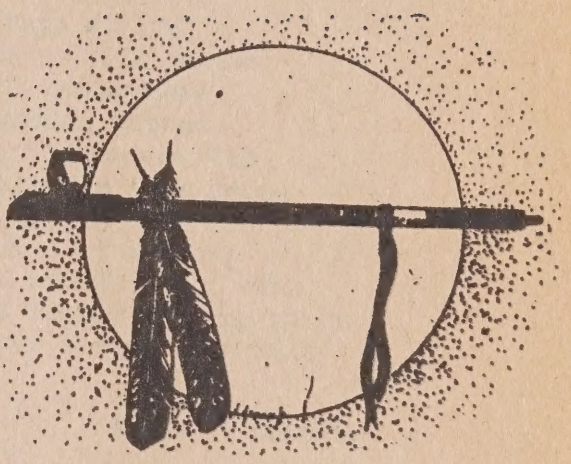
You brought us war and destruction
You murdered your fellow man
We spoke of life and sharing
Now, try that if you can

We spoke of co-existence
The way all people should
But only your vengeful God
And only your ways were good

Perhaps there's still a chance
I don't speak of assimilation
For all to co-exist
As unique and growing nations

I feel that I have told you
About the people of this land
I hope you all tried to listen
I hope you tried to understand

Our life blood is the rivers
Our flesh and bone the sod
We are the people of this earth
Placed here by our God.



submitted by: Kelly Stevens

THIS PRISONER'S WOLF

With each letter of love that you wrote to me in love
A whine of lonliness greeted you in my slumbering wolf
Bounding forth this call of the wild from my heart
Wagging his tail in this wonder of me sniffing your scents
Silently howling in promises that ache with untold desires
Promises caused in dreams of paradise now follow this haunted trail
Where you said my wolf can come swim in its running stream
In whose dreams you said I could be the only passions of being
That for each promised night will forever follow a mroning star
Each promise fulfilled in the moon will light up your northern lights
When my wolf will come for your wishes in following this verse

Many times this wolf howls in raging frustrations
Other times it whines when angered to be alone
Those silent growls will come to shelter you in timés
Will hear me hunting quietly outside chasing your rainbow dreams

In these dreams I prowl out with the winds in savage sorrow
My wolf heard howling mournfully in play with the moonlit ghosts
These wolf eyes hauntingly inviting you into their wilderness
Whose wanton lurks flow down in play with your wanting graces
Wanting me to guide you down the many paths of my strange worlds
Teaching you the stories of the winds whispering now in your ears
The softest love story here to entertain you forever
From these lips you will feel the burning sensations of my soul
From these eyes you'll give life to this hollowed out heart of mine
Whose heart throbs eerily in the musical melodies of the howling winds
That will be me standing down there fulfilling your dreams gone wild
That is the love of Miako Stephen Likakur.

Miako S. Likakur

BAREFOOT DANCER

Barefoot dancer...
lived in a cabin by the stream,
eyes changing like the sky,
her smile beguiling -
enticing was her way -
enchantment mesmerising,
a blessing yet a curse.
Her story spun illuminate,
a web of mystery...
she could make you
laugh or cry...
by simple words and gestures,
bring you up - bring you down;
like a spiral spinning round.
Barefoot dancer...
lived on salmon and berries,
played a harp and rode a horse,
she had never given childbirth:
for she had only kissed the earth.
Once she had lived
to take a life and serve the time,
prisoner of society:
but she escaped...
to the mountains she fled...
no, it wasn't easy,
the life she lived.
Barefoot dancer...
lived in a cabin by a stream.

Susie Fife
June, 1984

WOOD NYMPH

Drifting memories of days gone by,
The Fraser Valley Canyon, the infinite blue sky,
Taste of apple cider, smell of Douglas fir;
Dance on the wind, the wood nymph sings her lure.
Black ribbon highway spirals the mountain earth,
Romping deer displays the mountain's mirth;
Bubbling, laughing waters flow down to the river,
Black bear scoops the trout which quivers.
That pure sweet fragrance of mountain air,
Catch the wood nymph laughing, wind tossed is her hair.
Walk slowly through the many different trees,
Forest full of blossoms and soft humming bees,
Sit in an inviting spot, remove your boots and socks,
Splash your feet in the stream; comfy on a rock.
Peering up through entwined branches and twigs,
Multi coloured insects seem to dance a jig;
Speak not: For nature speaks truth, no wrong -
When silent, you'll hear the wood nymph's song.

Susie Fife
June 9, 1984

I had dreams
of giving you
your rightful place
in the poem of days
I felt that I should help you
if I could.
I wanted only warmness
and a chance to be
nobody else but me,
to live my life and my life only.

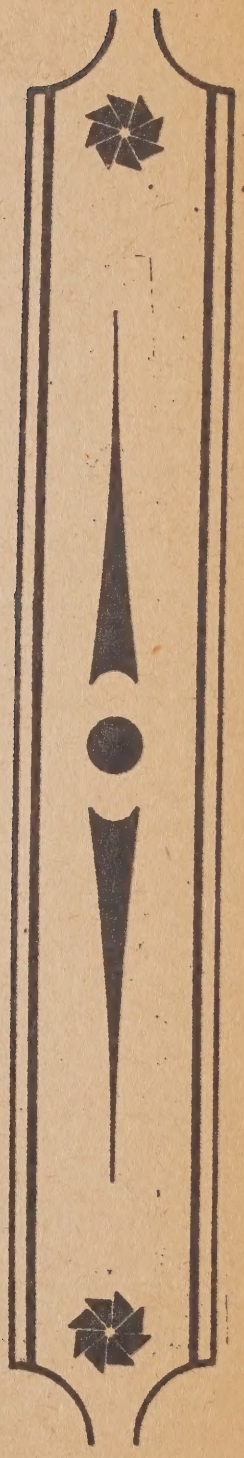
I think I finally understood
One day I left the safety
of the beach
and travelled home
to write his poem.

Long letters used to come
from you and friends
after I had left
Come here held say,
there are people who visit
in the visiting room
nearly everyday.
interferring with my work
but adding to it.

Come here, come here
and help me make
some poems I'd say to myself

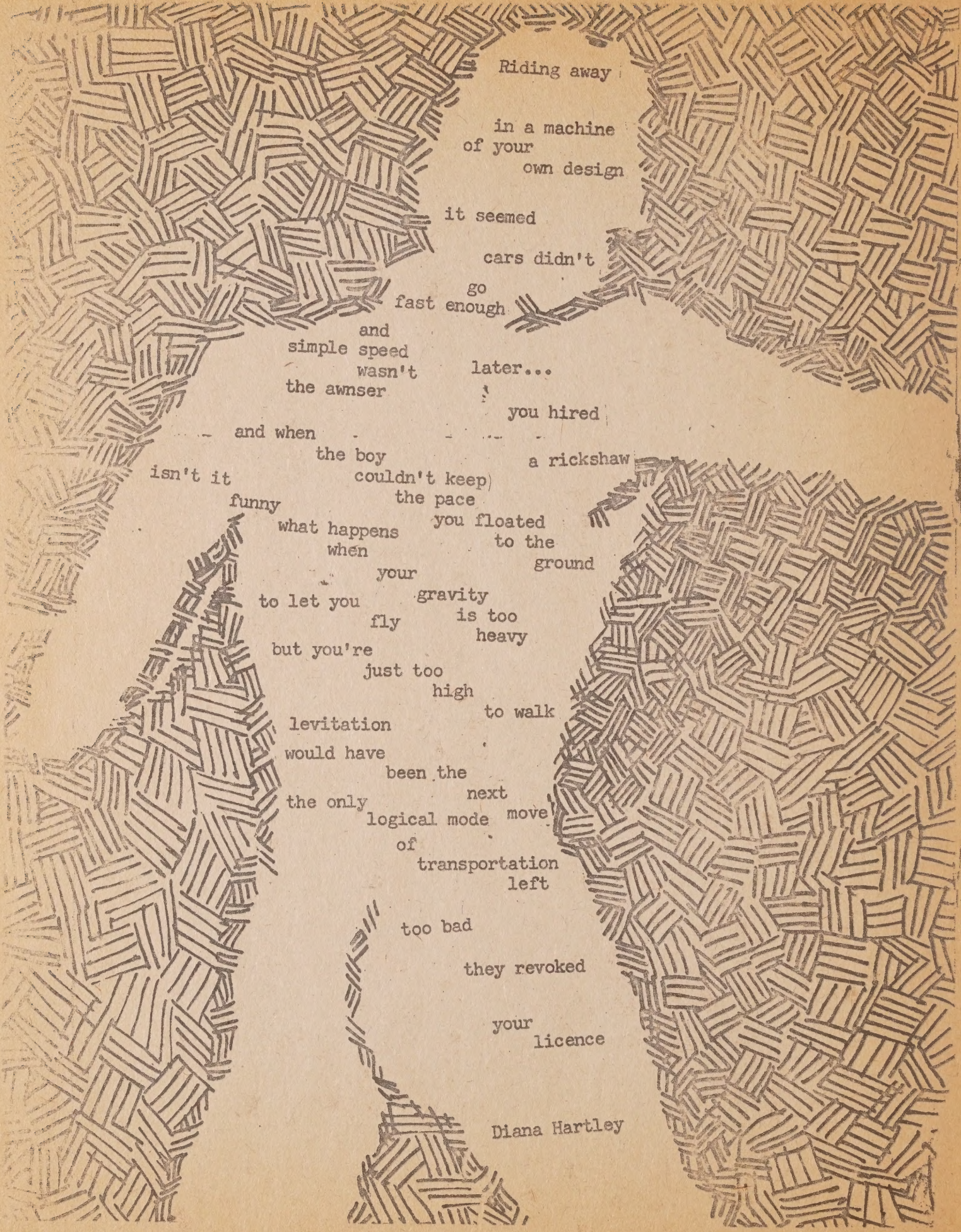
I still wanted warmness
not beneath the prison walls
but underneath the covers
anywhere.
I never went to see you
I answered
nearly every letter
with but a paragraph,
till the letters
stopped arriving.

Kelly Stevens



There is
no
future in
the
past
but the
past
still
touches me
even though
I have
turned
my
face
away from
it
and
my ears
no longer
listen
to it's
lies
it is
sad
to
realize
memory
had been
tricking
me
that
reality
was not
all
I
tell
people
it was
but
I feel
I owe
you
that much
this
one last
deception
to
preserve
the
illusions
we
cultivated so
carefully
even though
I don't
believe
them
anymore
and you
are
gone
but
perhaps it
will seem
sweet to
the
onlooking
fools.

Diana Hartley


Riding away
in a machine
of your
own design
it seemed
cars didn't
go
fast enough
and
simple speed
wasn't
the awnser
later...
you hired
and when
the boy
a rickshaw
isn't it
couldn't keep
funny
the pace
what happens
you floated
to the
when
ground
your
gravity
to let you
fly
is too
heavy
but you're
just too
high
to walk
levitation
would have
been the
next
the only
logical mode
move
of
transportation
left
too bad
they revoked
your
licence
Diana Hartley

ENCOUNTER

They stood there in the street sullenly watching us, their chameleon eyes speaking volumes of emotions; hate, suspicious wariness, their minds calculating time and distance while their fingers twitched, unconsciously ached for the feel and weight of a paving brick. It was their eyes that bothered me most, eyes that spoke of centuries old hunger; eyes that spoke of defeat so deep within their souls that it had become twisted and perverted into a rebellion they could not heed. Their lives were irrevocably tied to rebellion; rebellion would continue to exist without them - but they could not survive without it. Hunger of all kinds stared out from the masks that were their faces, hunger for food and warmth and peace, hunger for freedom and a deep seated hunger for 'life'; for none of these people truly lived, they merely exsisted in the dark shadows cast by violence and rebellion.

In the front of the grimly staring crowd stood two men, one was in his early thirties but appeared far older, his shoulders sagging like the branches of an old tree; the other was at least sixty and appeared to be carved from weathered oak, his face perpetually shaped in lines of pain. Beside them stood a boy who was not much younger than myself and I could see that the older men beside him were relatives, a father and brother to him; in his face, young as it was, there echoed and reflected the same bitter emotions that lived in their souls and was branded on their skin.

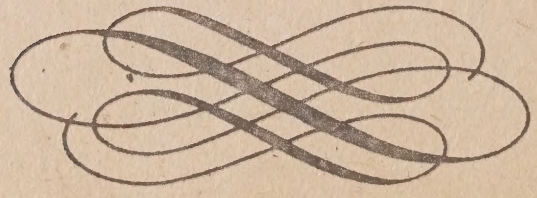
I don't know why my eyes were drawn to them, perhaps it was the total abscence of defeat in their faces, unlike the others around them. Instead of sullen, volatile rebellion playing destructively in the depths of their eyes, fierce pride glowed and quiet determination burned. I knew that I should be moving, trying to get away from the mob that angrily inched towards me but I was drawn to something that lived within the three men before me. Time slowed as I explored the crags and crevices of their tired, seamed and hunger pinched faces. The ever increasing mutter of the faceless crowd faded to a dull humming as I looked upon the burnt and bandaged hands of the boy. He was probably an IRA freedom fighter who had been burned by one of his own Molotov cocktails, there was tragedy run rampant when I considered he should have been in school; playing games, learning old truths of chasing new dreams. But there are no dreams to be found when one is a flame scarred hero of dubious battles for the even more dubious conceptions that motivated them all; that this should be a fact and not merely a product of my nightmares seemed to me to be the ultimate caricature of 'civilization'. This was barbarism plain and simple and if it should be so then the people involved should not have to live and fight within the rules of pretentious 'civilization'; let them at least have the dignity of the knowledge of complete resistance instead of the shams that they were now labouring under.

His mouth and jaw were clenched, held more tightly rigid than the countenance of a bronze effigy. Our eyes locked in a visual embrace and I could not read any of the thoughts in those deep and troubled eyes. I felt somehow that I knew him well, this wounded, tattered denizen of urban warfare. We were brothers beneath it all, beneath all the horror and pain, beneath all the loss of hope and beneath the death of innocence and trust. We were the soldiers of misfortune, he defending an ancient idea of freedom and I was the soldier designed to keep him from it. No matter the cost and no thought given to the legitimacy of his claims or beliefs. I wanted to say, ' I know you...' but our languages were seperated by different ideologies and the gulf between them would never be bridged by mere words.

The animal mutter of the crowd grew steadily to a bestial roar. Around me men and children groped around them on the ground seeking bottles, rocks, bricks or any thing that could be used as a pain filled missle. Breaking away from the hold of those infinitely sad, tormented eyes was like leacing a part of myself there in the bog side end of Belfast; a part of myself that I would never regain and always mourn. It was my innocence. It was my hopes and dreams of peace. I left my childhood in the strife torn streets of Ireland and I left my past in the resigned eyes of a crucified catholic boy.

With a feeling of despair that lay heavy on my spirit, I backed away, headed towards the safety of the other British soldiers who grimly waited for me with their guns trained at the center of the wild eyed crowd. As I turned to run the last few steps, the crowd broke their silence and formation, and then curses and the sounds of shattering bottles and the thud of bricks upon burnt flesh burst in a cacaphony of sound around me but through it all I heard a deep lilting voice say quietly, 'I recognize you'.

-Diana Hartley



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approx. 4,500 words

First Serial Rights
1984 D.D.Rourke

"Crackerjack"

by

D.D.Rourke

I had three things on my mind that summer: a girl, a car and the drive-in movie. I had the girl; it was the other things that posed a problem. The only solution I could think of was to find a job.

Ma gave me a hand: she pulled me out of bed one Monday morning and pointed me in the direction of the employment office. When I arrived, people were lined up in front of a blackboard with jobs scribbled on it. One job listing was for a sawyer in Merritt, B.C. This job immediately caught my eye because it was the best paying job on the board: twenty-five dollars a day. I could buy a car in six months if I could land a job like that!

By the time I got to the front of the line, I'd already been a sawyer for six months, brought one of those lowered '46 Ford coupes, and was sitting in the drive-in, kissing the headlights off Lorraine.

D.D.Rourke -2-
"Crackerjack"

"Can I assist you... young man?" A woman was tapping her pencil on the counter. I leaned over and growled.

"Take that sawyering job off the blackboard, lady... I'm your man!" She blinked at me through her coke bottle bifocals and promptly got me the job's phone number. I called and talked to some guy who said his name was Appleyard.

"Gotta have someone up here right away," he shouted. "The crew's in camp and we're all ready to go... when can ya get up here?"

"Two... maybe three hours," I hollered back.

"O.K." he said. Meet me in the Logan Hotel in Merritt... I'll be waiting in the lobby."

Hot-diggity-damn, I thought. With a little hustle, I'll have Lorraine in the back seat of that Ford before haying time. I hurried home and grabbed my gear and caught the first freight train to Merritt.

A guy in a khaki shirt was smoking a cigar when I walked into the Logan Hotel. I dropped my gear in the centre of the lobby.

"Hey! You Appleyard?" I called out. The guy turned and blew a cloud of blue smoke at me. He was big, fifty or so, fat and round as a barrel.

"Who are you?" he asked, looking me up & down as if I was a pint of skim milk.

"I'm Thomas Kane," I said. "I phoned you about the job."

"Yeh, well, ya look mighty young to be a sawyer, boy! Where ya worked before?"

"Big Bend country, mostly. My old man had the Black Arrow Mill down on Chitten Creek. Hell, I've been around mills since I was old enough to pack a board!" I paused to see what old Appleyard was thinking. He just stood there scratching at what few hairs he had left.

"Dad died a few years back... and we sold the mill. Now I'm looking

for work... you hiring or what?" That got him. He huffed and puffed on his fat old cigar until the hot end lit up like a deadfall in a forest fire.

"Allright... I'll give ya a try," he said. I"m two weeks behind schedule now... gotta have someone."

"Well," I said, slapping my Kangaroo gloves against my jeans,"Let's get at it!"

There was forty miles of rough road to camp. Appleyard's old dodge pick-up bounced and bottomed out in the ruts like an old pregnant sow. When we finally got there: a two lot clearing in the woods with half a dozen tar-paper shacks, Appleyard sighed and pulled the wrapper off another cigar.

"Which one's the cookshack?" I asked."I'm starved!" Appleyard looked over at me and frowned.

"We got another forty miles to go, kid. I'm just dropping the mail off here!"

As I sat in the cab waiting, An old man, bent like a spike, came by with some files in his hands. I rolled down the window and called out.

"Hello there!"

"Hello yerself!" he said, waving the files at me. His hand looked like a tree branch the wind had taken out: he had a thumb and a finger, all the rest were gone.

"Say..." I said. "What the hell does a sawyer do in a mill?" The old boy pulled a hair from his nose, inspected it and looked over at me.

"A sawyer, eh....." He spat a gob of chaw juice at the tire. Well, now, sonny, asking what a sawyer does is like asking what a pilot does in one of those dang aeroplanes!"

Before he could finish, Appleyard yanked the truck door open.

"Thanks... old timer, been a real pleasure talking to you again," I said, rolling up the window as fast as I could.

"You know Jake from somewhere?" Appleyard asked.

"Hell ya," I said as we pulled out of the clearing. "Jake and my old man were logging buddies back in the Big Bend days!"

Well, we had another forty miles of bumps, mudholes and smelly old cigars before we got to the main camp. Appleyard kept his attention on Goat Road and I clung to the cab seat, wondering what a sawyer's duties were. I'd bucked a few logs before, knew a two-by-four from a two-by-six, knew a bit about mills from talk I'd heard from friends. But a sawyer... I thought when I took the job that a sawyer was a trade name for a mill hand, like loggar is for logging. But Appleyard's questions, back at the hotel, and Jake's unfinished explanation had raised some doubts in my mind. There seemed to be a little more to this sawyering business than I was aware of.

When we got to the campsite, another clearing with more tar-paper shacks, I climbed out of the cab and made a bee-line over to a Spruce tree to relieve myself. On the way back, Appleyard waved me over to meet the foreman. Hunky Mike, as I later heard him called, looked as if he'd just climbed down off a circus poster. He was muscled with shoulders as wide as an axe handle and had a long, black, handle-bar mustache. We shook hands and he walked me out to the edge of the camp clearing.

"How long ya been sawyering?" he asked.

"A few years," I replied.

"The last sawyer we had got a little careless," he said. I don't think he knew what the hell he was doing!" His eyebrows arched out at me. I could see this was going to be an uphill struggle.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Ahhh... we'll probably never know for sure. He might have been a little hung over or maybe he was daydreaming about some floozie instead of paying

"Crackerjack"

attention to his job."

"You're talking as though this guy got seriously hurt," I said.

"Well... that's one way of putting it, I guess. He slipped on the carriage. The headsaw cut him in half as neat as a pork sausage at breakfast time!"

I didn't get much sleep that night. I woke up in a cold sweat around two in the morning and crawled out of bed. It was noiser than a barnyard in that bunkhouse and it stank of rancid sweat and rotten socks. Some of those guys would dissolve and wash down the drain if they ever took a bath. I took a breather and went outside to think.

Boy! was I in a fix. Hunky Mike's story had confirmed my worst fear: the sawyer was the pilot of the mill-- he cut all the bloody lumber. Hell, I had trouble operating a pencil sharpener! I walked down to the mill, wondering what to do next: stay and have everyone laugh at me or cut across the mountain and try to walk out to the highway. I was still trying to decide on which course to take when I heard the rasp of a heavy file from somewhere in the mill. Then someone cursed and I ducked down beside a conveyor belt of steel rolling pins and saw a shadow move deep inside the mill.

I decided to see who it was and crawled through a jungle of wood chips and sawdust until I came to a planked passageway. The planking led past blocks of machinery, which were connected to conveyor belts and down to a slab-faced shack near the front of the mill. Across from the shack, in the flickering light of a hurricane lantern, sat a hunched old man, filing the blue steel teeth of the biggest circular saw I had ever seen.

"Hey!" I called out as I came around into the light. "What are you doing old timer?" He swung around and gaped at me.

""Who'd you be, sonny? I ain't seen the likes of you 'round here afore."

"Name's Kane, Thomas Kane... I just got into camp tonight," I said, offering

my hand. His mouth split in a toothless grin as he slapped his hand into mine.

Ugh!

The old guy had slapped the knobby end of a forearm stump into my hand. It looked like a rendered soup bone.

"Hee, hee, hee. Fooled ya that time... didn't I sonny? Name's Sam. Wanta shake again? Hee, hee, hee." I guess the shocked expression on my face tickled his funny bone. He laughed again and the hair in his nose stuck out like hair in a fox's ear.

"Green-chain worker, eh, sonny? Well, you'll learn... we all do!" He cuped his stump into the palm of his good hand and began messaging it.

"Say..." he said, squinting over at me. "What ya doing 'round here this time of night?"

"Ahhh... it was too damn noisy in that bunkhouse for me. Couldn't sleep so I thought I'd look the mill over, Sam... I'm the new sawyer."

"You're the what!"

"Sawyer," I said, evading his eyes.

"You ain't no sawyer, sonny... else ya wouldn't be asking what I'm doing!"

This old guy was cagier than Hunky Mike or Appleyard.

"Hell, Sam... I was just trying to be friendly. A child could see what you're doing."

"You don't say... well, then, smart-as-a whip young sawyer... what might this be?" He poked at a saw tooth with his stub. It was an innocent enough question. I yawned.

"That's a saw tooth, Sam. Always was and always will be."

"And whata we call this part?" he asked, poking at a steel shaft in the centre of the saw blade.

"That's a... a saw sleeve," I said. There was fire dancing in old Sam's

:yes.

"Sonny, ya might be able to fool Hunky Mike... who has more muscles than rains... or Appleyard... all caught up as he is in high finance... but ya can't fool old Sam. That piece is called the saw arbor. Ya know it now, but ya didn't it afore, and knowing it still don't make ya a sawyer!"

Old Sam had me tighter than a bung in a knothole. His eyes grew as wide as r owl's.

"Hee, hee, hee. Got ya again... didn't I, sonny?" I looked him dead in the eye.

"You ever heard of Beavertail Jackson from the Big Bend country, Sam?" Sam scratched his whiskered face.

"Noooo... can't say I have," he said.

"Well, he's the best dang sawyer around those parts and he calls that thing you call an arbor... a sleeve!"

"What's that ya say,sonny?"

"An arbor is a sleeve where I come from, Sam." He pointed his stub at me.

"I hope ya ain't calling me a liar, sonny?"

"No, Sam. I'm just a bit confused. Maybe it's because I'm from a different part of the country. Take this, now," I said, walking over and pointing to a wooden gauge beside a carriage track. "Whata ya call it?"

"Any dang fool knows that's a lumber gauge, sonny. Ya couldn't measure your log cuts without it."

"You know, Sam, I bet you were a pretty good sawyer in your day? Sam's eyes crinkled.

"Sonny... I've been the best sawyer on the Coquihalla for wel'nigh twenty years. If the saw hadn't took my arm... I'd still be the best!"

"How about this thing that looks like a truck brake," I said, grabbing at a waist high lever beside the carriage. "Whata ya call it?"

"Even a slab piler knows what that is, sonny... it's the carriage brake to the headsaw. Grease it everytime I come on shift."

"Aha..." I said. "The lumber gauge measures the width of your log cut and the carriage carries the log to the headsaw. The whole thing works something like a meat slicer, eh, Sam?" Sam came over and poked me with his nasty stub.

"Ya wanta be a sawyer, eh, sonny... O.K. Go ahead and have a go... see how ya like wiping your arse with your elbow!" He stuck the file in his belt and left. I could hear the old fool tittering all the way back to the bunkhouse.

I stayed in the mill shadows, trying to figure out how all these pieces of machinery worked with each other. It looked like all I had to do was line the log up with the saw, push a few buttons and release the carriage. After practising on the lumber gauge and the carriage brake for a while, I sat down against the shack, closed my eyes and thought about sawyering. Everytime I thought I could do the job, I'd see Lorraine, smiling at me from the back seat of the Ford; every time I thought I couldn't do the job, I'd see myself cut in half like a pork sausage.

Hunky Mike came at dawn and started the diesel generator in the shack. The mill came alive with the creaking sounds of gears, the slapping sounds of sliding belts. I got up before he saw me and pretended to be looking the mill over.

"Just itching to get going, eh, Kane?" It was Hunky Mike. He was bent over the carriage track with a grease gun, squirting black slugs of axle grease on the rails.

He straightened up when he got to me, wiped his hands down the sides of pants and hitched his red suspenders over his gray underware top.

"Better go down to the cookshack and chow up before we start, Kane. Don't want ya playing out on us, now do we?" he winked. I didn't give him any lip.

In his long johns, with his grizzled face and grease, he looked mean enough to chew me up and spit me out like bacon rinds.

The crew didn't look too friendly either: they all sat at a long planked table, wolfing their breafast like a pack of mangy dogs.

"you settee here!" It was the Chinese cook. He pointed to an empty place at the end of the plank.

"You wantee agg... soff or harr?" he asked.

"I don't like eggs... I'll have some Rice Krispies... please," I said.

"Rice Krispies!"

"Yeh..."-I said. It's cereal. Goes snap, crackle, pop!"

"No have crackerjack cereal. Have Sonny Boy mush... you want?"

I wasn't in the mood for Sonny Boy mush. Nor was I too happy with the grins on the faces of the crew. When the work whistle blew and the men left the cookshack, one of them hollered,

"Let's get at it Crackerjack!" The whole damn crew laughed over that.

When we got down to the mill, the men split up and positioned themselves: one man to every machine along the belt. I stood on the sawyering platform, slapping my Kangaroo gloves together, grinning at everyone. Hunky Mike peaveed a log loose from the log deck, rolled it down the short skidway beside the shack and cant-hooked it onto the log carriage.

"Hit the dogs!" he yelled, as he threw his weight against the log. I pressed a green button, the other one was red, and the dogs clamped the log to the carriage.

"O.K. Let her rip!" he hollered.

I looked around one last time. All the mill hands had their thumbs up in a high-balling sign. Old Sam was there too, sitting on a stack of lumber, waving his stump at me! I hung over the butt-end of the log, adjusted the lumber gauge and looked at the headsaw. It was almost as tall as I was and

was whirling so fast I couldn't see the hooks in the teeth. I hit the red button and released the carriage brake.

"Lorraine... here I come!" I shouted, as the carriage bucked out of the starting box and charged down the track. The saw screamed into the butt of the log and toned down into a high-range whine. A rooster-plume of sawdust shot back and hit me in the face. I couldn't see.

Slam!

The carriage recoiled from the backstall, shaking the sawyer's platform like an earthquake. Someone yelled. I blinked through my tears and saw Hunky Mike.

He picked me up in his thick cracked hands and shook me like a tree branch.

"What's wrong!" I cried.

"You ain't no sawyer!" he screamed. "Look at that log!..you sawed it dead in half!..."

"A bug got in my eye," I hollered."I'll do better on the next one!"

"The next one! The next one!" He shook me some more and pulled me close to his chest.

"You're gonna be the next one, wise guy... if ya don't hustle down to the the green chain and tell Shaker Joe to get up here!"

Well, that few minutes appeared to be the beginning and end of my sawyering career with Appleyard and Co. At least that's what I thought until I got down to the green chain. Shaker Joe, an Italian with a long thin nose, came striding up to me in a pair of gumboots.

"Watza matter for U... U wanna B de bigga shotz, hey?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I thought I could do the job."

"U foola 'round makka the trouble for everyone."

"Hunky Mike wants to see you, Joe."

"You no more foola 'round...cause U foola 'round U gonna getta one bigga suprise!"

"What should I do, Joe... go back to the bunkhouse?"

"Helpa Singh. I helpa the Hunky. Binga, binga, bung! We makka the lumber."

Joe gumbooted off to help the Hunky and I was left to help Singh: a gray-whiskered Hindu with a mauve coloured turban wrapped around his head. He was standing on the edge of the green chain platform, facing the sun, hugging his chest. He stayed that way until the lumber arrived on the chain.

He was all arms and legs after that: pulling and flipping two-by-fours around like chopsticks. Hell, stacking lumber looked as easy as playing with pick-up-sticks. I pulled four two-by-fours off the chain and fell on my butt. Singh ran over and lifted the boards off me.

"You watch, "lettle man," he said, and he rushed off to pile the lumber. Boy! Was that guy a high-baller. He made me tired just watching him.

I went back to the chain and grabbed a coupla of two-by-sixes. I wrestled them onto my shoulder, swung around, smacked Singh in the back and sent him and his turban flying.He landed under the chain and came up with a bald head speckled with sawdust. I ran over and picked up his turban and helped him up. He grabbed the turban out of my hand, shook his gnarled old fist in my face and screamed something at me in Punjab.

I thought Hindus were supposed to be pacifists... or I never would've hollered,

"Give your head a shake, rug rider... it was an accident!" I guess Singh didn't understand English too well... he smacked me in the mouth and knocked me on my backside. I sat in the sawdust, wondering if Lorraine would kiss me with a fat lip.

Well... things weren't going too well for me at the mill. So I wasn't too surprised when Hunky Mike came to the bunkhouse after supper. He looked at my fat lip and shook his head.

"Ya got a lot to learn, kid, and it looks like yer gonna learn it all the hard way."

"I'm a good man," I said, "if someone gives me a chance...."

"Yeh... good for nothing and hard on the grub. Go to the cookshack in the morning... the cook needs a flunky!"

I handled my demotion like a man. I figured I'd lay low in the cookshack, eating good chow and relaxing until I could get another crack at sawyering... maybe the Hunky would fall into the saw.

The Chinaman poked me awake with a wooden spoon at five the next morning. He had me set the table, make the toast and carry steaming platters of hot-cakes, bacon, sausages and eggs to the crew.

"Hey... Crackerjack, get us some coffee!"

"Hey, this toast is burnt black!"

"Hey... what happened to these sausages?.. you been sawyering on them, Crackerjack?" The whole damn crew were razzing me. I played deaf and dumb and hid in the kitchen until the work whistle blew.

After breakfast, Old Sam came in. I wasn't looking forward to anything he had to say. He watched while I peeled away half an apple.

"Crackerjack... you ain't no apple peeler, either," he said.

"Maybe I ain't, Sam. But if a guy never gets any experience... how is he supposed to improve himself? Appleyard would never have given me the job if I'd told the truth."

"Sonny... if ya don't know it... a lot of these fellas are on piecework. Every log you mess up is money out of their pockets." He paused and poked me with his stub.

"But... they're gonna remember you, sonny... you had them all fooled!"

I didn't have the cook fooled: he fired me after supper. Said the way I peeled apples and spuds, he'd have to have the truck,

"Comee 'ere al weekee," to feed the men. So I turned in my apron and went back to the bunkhouse to pack.

Appleyard came the next morning. He talked to Hunky Mike at the mill and roared up the hill in a billow of dust. He screeched to a stop and blared the horn at me. I walked over the truck, dumped my gear in the back and yanked the cab door open.

"Hi! Appleyard... how's the road?" I said. He bit down on a cigar and spoke out the side of his mouth.

"Get in here, kid!" I climbed in and kept my eyes on my feet.

"His smelly old cigar did all the talking for the first ten miles. It belched and glowed until I thought I would choke to death on the smoke. When I rolled down the window, Appleyard asked if I knew what, "blackballed" meant.

"Sure," I said. "You hold a guy down and blacken his balls with shoe polish!" Appleyard stared out the windshield like one of those pointing dogs.

"I'm "blackballing" you, kid... that means you won't be able to find a job between here and the Patullo Bridge in New Westminster... not for the rest of your life!"

My face went as red as a stove. I squeezed up against the door and hung onto the door handle. Appleyard was spitting mad.

"Bold as a monkey's ass... telling me ya was a sawyer. I ought to stop this truck and kick your butt all the way back to town. You worthless punk... ya can't even peel spuds! All you damn kids are the same these days... think the world owes ya a goddamn living. When I was your age...."

We pulled up in a cloud of dust and stopped in front of the Logan Hotel. Appleyard opened the glove compartment and wrote me out a check. As I got out of the cab, he leaned over and said,

"Kid... ya better get your biscuits back in school or. cause ya ain't cut out for bush work, savvy?"

When he roared out of sight, I looked at the check, a twenty-five dollar check. Twenty-five dollars was just about enough to buy a hubcap on the Ford. As I walked along the highway, I tried to decide whether to spend it on Lorraine or save it for the coupe.

Caught up as I was in high fiance, I nearly missed getting a ride. A logging truck whistled by and bounced to a stop about a hundred yards up the road. When I caught up to it, a bearded guy in a green mackinaw leaned across the seat and pushed open the passenger door.

"How far ya going?" he asked.

"Kamloops," I hollered, over the roar of the engine.

"Going right through there... on my way to Blue River... hop in!" he said.

"Any work up that way, mister?" I asked, once we got going.

"Some..." he said. "But all the outfits up there only hire experienced men."

"I've got experience," I said. "Been doing a little contract sawyering up on the Coquihalla."

"That a fact!" He looked me over and shrugged.

"Yeh... the regular sawyer came back off compensation... so, I'm looking for a job again...."

"Come to think of it," he said. "The Conner brothers said something in the bar last night about needing a chokerman... you ever set beads?"

"Sure have," I said. "I learnt to set beads down on Chitten Creek when I was still wearing cut-off pants."

"Got any references?" he asked.

"Just one," I said. "Appleyard... Charly Appleyard from Merritt, B.C.

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